as you beckoned death

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by peacefrog

Summary

Hannibal spread Will’s thighs wide with the press of his knee. He crowded Will against the sink until his erection prodded into his hip. He curled his hands around Will’s waist and trailed open-mouthed kisses down his throat. The air between them sizzled until Will was certain he would burst.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“This is why you should wear gloves,” Hannibal said, stepping across the threshold into the bathroom. He moved near and peered down over Will’s shoulder.

Will stood at the sink, scraping the blood from underneath his fingernails. “Gloves inhibit movement. They’re too slippery when they get wet.”

“That’s not why you don’t like them.”

“It is…” Will reached for the nail brush and began to scrub. “It’s one of the reasons.”

“But not the reason.” Hannibal’s touch was tentative and light against Will’s back. It made him jump and drop the brush with a clink.

“No.” Will met Hannibal’s gaze in the mirror, then dropped his eyes back down to the sink. Flecks of red were spattered against the porcelain. “Touch is an important sense.”

“As important as any.” Hannibal moved closer still, trapping Will against the counter’s edge. “But to you, perhaps the most.”

Will turned on the tap and rinsed his mess down the drain. Hannibal’s breath came in steady little puffs against his nape. “What are you doing?” he asked, the throb of his pulse hammering in his neck.

Hannibal’s arms snaked around Will’s waist. His warm hands pressed against the scar beneath his shirt. “I’ll stop,” he said, “if you ask me to.”

A blush crept up Will’s cheeks as Hannibal’s fingers traced the raised edges of scar tissue. “You never touch me,” he said. “What are you doing?”

“Touch is an important sense,” Hannibal was a rolling echo in his ear. “You enjoyed yourself tonight.”

“He deserved what he got.”

“Tell me, Will,” Hannibal’s voice was low and sweet, “how do you see yourself?” His words dripped smooth and easy across Will’s skin. “The noble executioner bringing swift justice with the edge of his blade?”

Will could feel Hannibal’s eyes locked on his face in the mirror. His own eyes couldn’t look away from the hands roaming across his belly. The air in the bathroom felt stuffy and overly warm despite the breeze fluttering in through the open window. His toes curled inside his socks.

“Do you believe the executioner derives pleasure from his work?” Hannibal pulled Will back tight against his chest. His lips moved against Will’s ear as he spoke. “Does he justify that pleasure with knowledge of his righteous deed?”

“How do you justify what you’ve always done?” Will’s eyes drifted shut. Hannibal’s heart hammered against his back. “And if you ask me how God justifies himself, Hannibal, so help me…”

Hannibal’s smile painted itself against Will’s ear. “God follows his own nature as surely as we follow our own,” he said. “Why should we need to justify anything at all?”

“It wouldn’t feel good to me if they were…” Will pulled in one shuddering breath through his nose as Hannibal mouthed at the curve of his jaw. “If I thought they didn’t deserve it.”

“But it felt good tonight?”

Will white-knuckled the edge of the sink. “Yes.”

Hannibal dragged his nose down the line of Will’s neck, inhaling deep. “Tell me what felt so good.”

“You were there.”

“I was.” Hannibal’s fingers trailed down the placket of Will’s shirt. He popped one button open high on Will’s chest. “Tell me anyway.”

“I…” Will’s pulse was a growing roar in his ears as Hannibal’s fingers worked his shirt open until he was exposed down to his middle, scar a baby-pink grin reflecting in the mirror. “I like knowing I’m the one to end it.”

“That’s not what I asked.” Hannibal popped the last button on Will’s shirt. “Why does it feel so good to end it?”

Will allowed Hannibal to tug his shirt off and toss it to the floor. He leaned back into hard muscle and soft flesh that warmed him to the bone. “It feels good against my skin,” he said. “The blood. It’s warm and alive. It reminds me what I’m taking from them.”

Hannibal’s hands were flames licking the gash across Will’s abdomen. “Were you aroused when you were killing him?”

“No.” Will’s cock began to thicken and strain inside his pants. “Not in the way you mean.”

Hannibal was growing hard against the swell of Will’s ass. “But you are now, thinking about it.”

“I am now… with your hands on me.” Will’s legs grew wobbly and weak. Hannibal held him upright with one strong arm around his middle. “Why are you only doing this now?”

“Does every act require a reason?” Hannibal let Will slip from his arms, turning him until their eyes met. “Touching you now, it’s hard to remember a time when I was not.”

Hannibal spread Will’s thighs wide with the press of his knee. He crowded Will against the sink until his erection prodded into his hip. He curled his hands around Will’s waist and

trailed open-mouthed kisses down his throat. The air between them sizzled until Will was certain he would burst.

Hannibal gripped Will's ass and drew him near, their bodies slotted together like cogs. Will buried his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck as he began to rut, frantic, unsteady thrusts against the jut of Will's hip. Hannibal's knee pressed up between Will's legs until he was seated against the firm line of Hannibal thigh. Their bodies pulled and swayed, a dance of aching friction and too much searing heat.

"If you could only see yourself as I saw you tonight, Will." Hannibal lifted Will's chin to meet his eyes, knocking their foreheads together. "Brimming with life as you beckoned death."

"Does it turn you on? Watching me?" Will rode Hannibal's thigh, eager little twitches of his hips summoning his release so near. He could just barely taste it trickling across his tongue.

"Yes," Hannibal's whisper rolled hot down Will's face. "It is the truest test of my self control. I wished to have you then and there. Right there in the dirt."

"You could, you know. Have me. I'd let you." Will's jaw hung slack, lips brushing against Hannibal's cheek.

"Would you?" Hannibal hummed contentedly. "Would you allow me to enter inside you? I suspect you've never been penetrated before."

"I would," Will's words came out as desperate little grunts, his orgasm rippling right up to the edge. "And I have… if my own fingers count."

"Those same hands that bring upon death so swift," Hannibal smiled and pressed his fingers into Will's flesh hard enough to bruise, "you use to bring yourself such pleasure."

"I think about you when I do it," Will said through gritted teeth. "I'd probably be doing it now if you hadn't put your hands on me."

Hannibal's hips faltered and twitched, a strangled sound crawling up from his throat. Will followed close behind, spilling all over himself, up against the hard press of Hannibal's quaking thigh. They stayed huddled together against the sink, breathing hot and erratic into each other's necks.

Will huffed out a laugh as he pulled his hands free from gripping Hannibal's shirt. "There's still blood under my nails," he said. "Maybe I should start wearing gloves."

"No," Hannibal said, pressing the warmth of his lips to Will's knuckles. He trailed kisses down the back of Will's hand. "Leave it. I prefer you exactly as you are."

Will smiled and allowed Hannibal to lead him out of the bathroom and down the hall. They disappeared into the darkness of Hannibal's room, the door clicking shut behind.

End Notes

original prompt on tumblr here.

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